small that a consolidation is advisable. Personally, it will be gratifying to me to return to the Second Corps, but I do not feel dissatisfied with the Eleventh during the present campaign, and hope the changes referred to will not be regarded as a reflection upon the officers and soldiers of this command, who have worked so hard and done so much to carry out every order."

All I could obtain from General Halleck was that he would take the matter into consideration. Nothing more was heard of it. The Eleventh Corps was not dissolved. It was, however, reinforced by the assignment to it of several regiments, enough of which were added to my division to enable me to form three brigades. One of these remained under the command of Colonel Krzyzanowski. The second was given to the senior colonel after him, Colonel Hecker, and the third, the old brigade of General Schimmelfennig, who was transferred to the army besieging Charleston, to a new-comer, General Hector Tyndale.

When I first saw General Tyndale, with his proud mien, his keen eye, his severely classic features framed in a brown curly beard, it struck me that so Coriolanus might have looked. A closer acquaintance with him gradually ripened into friendship. He was a few years older than I, and had already a remarkable record behind him. He was the son of a merchant in Philadelphia, and a business man himself.

Although without an academic education, his appearance and conversation were those of a man of culture. His was the natural refinement of a mind animated with high ideals, pure principles, perfect honesty of intelligence, a chivalrous sense of honor, and, added to all this, artistic instinct. He had been a warm anti-slavery man, but uot an extreme abolitionist* He disapproved of John Brown's attempt at slave-insurrection. But when John Brown's